

The Kaffman's

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1868.

VOL. 15.—NO. 9.

Select Poetry.

WHAT WOULDST THOU ASK?

O heart, what wouldst thou ask of Time?
Thy childhood's merry hours again?
Thy youth's delightful golden elms?
Thy later days of sun and rain?
Ah, no!—if only thou couldst live
One moment of thy shadowed past,
Had Time the precious boon to give,
How sweet the calm at last!

One moment, to undo the deed
Of wrong our wilful hands have done;
One moment to unroot the weed
That prospers in the baleful sun;
One moment only to recall
Unkindly words and idle sneers;
Give this, O Time, and keep thou all
Thy stores of buried years.

THE LOST DEEDS.

A parting glance around the office, to assure himself all desks, closets and iron safes are properly secured for the night, and the auditor's confidential clerk locks up and prepares for home. With coat buttoned to the throat, and hat drawn over his eyes, Mark Edwards turns his steps toward home, and cheerfully faces the rough wind and drizzling rain, which unmercifully pelt and buffet him, as he vainly hails omnibus after omnibus to receive the same answer—"full."

But Mark makes no trouble of these outdoor inconveniences, for his mind's eye is fixed on the well covered tea-table, bright fire, and best of all, the pretty young wife awaiting his return. The picture is so pleasant that he breaks out in a line of "Home Sweet Home," as he turns the corner of the street where stands his own little domicile.

Mrs. Edwards is peering into the darkness through the folds of the muslin curtains, and has the door open before Mark's hand touches the knocker.

"What a night for your love!" says the little matron, brushing the rain drops from her bushy whiskers, and kissing him compassionately, "and how do you come to be so late?"

Edward looks up at the clock as he struggles out of his dripping coat. "I am late, indeed," he answered; "but Mr. Pleaswell has started on his trip to the lakes this afternoon, and there were a great many things to attend to before he went. And look here, Fanny—this package contains some valuable deeds and securities, which will be called for by the owner in a few days; in the meanwhile, I have to copy one of them, but I don't feel inclined to begin to-night. Where can I place them with safety?"

Fanny suggested his desk, but that is the first article a burglar would be likely to meddle with. Her cheek paled at the idea of such a visitor, and she considered, "That the old escritoire in the spare bed room, will not do?"

Mark hesitates. "I had so many injunctions to be careful, and not let them get out of my own possession, that I am afraid even of that."

Fanny reminds him that there is a secret drawer in it. "Don't you remember," she asks, "what trouble we had to find it?"

"Had the very place!" So she carries the candle for him, and the valuable package is deposited in this hidden receptacle. Its only contents are a few highly perturbed letters, tied together with a piece of ribbon, to which Fanny laughing and blushing, confesses that they are Mark Edwards' love effusions before marriage, carefully preserved to bear witness against him when he becomes old and cross.

Perhaps it was a restless night and unpleasant dreams which made the clerk so uneasy—even in the hurry of the next day's work—knowing that he had not visited the escritoire before leaving home that morning, to ascertain with his own eyes the safety of the papers in his charge. He pooh-poohs the idea away as it presents itself, remembering that one key is in his possession, and the other in his wife's house-keeping bunch; but it returns so often, that it is with a feeling of relief that he hears the signal for closing, and feels he is at liberty to return home.

How is his welcome is not such a smiling one as it usually is? Fanny's spirits seem depressed, and her eyes look as if she had been crying.

"Have you had any visitors to-day?" asked Mark.

"No," she said so faintly that he looked up.

"That 'No' sounded like 'Yes,' who has been here?"

"Only my brother George." She answered in a low voice.

"My brother George," is his aversion, and the torment and trouble of his wife's family, always in difficulties, no sooner recedes from one scrape than rushing headlong into another. Mark had seriously contemplated forbidding his visits. Fanny seemed to guess what was passing in his mind, by her coming softly to his side, and stroking his hair, neither one of them said anything, and Mark leisurely began preparing for his task of copying. While he went up stairs to get his papers, she brought another candle, and encased herself in a corner with her work-table, regretting as she did so, that her "poor boy" must be bored with this odious writing, when he ought to be resting. However, Mark soon comes down the stairs, three at a time, to ask why she has removed his packet without telling him of it. With astonishment in her looks, his wife denies having done so, and hurries with him to the spare bed room, asserting her belief that he has overlooked the parcel. Not a thing is out of its place. The old escritoire stands exactly as they left it, the lock had not been tampered with, nor was the

secret drawer open; and there undisturbed, was the love-letters; but the small brown paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed, is gone!

The husband, suspecting he knows not what, looks almost sternly at his wife, whose answering glance is confused and full of terror.

"Tell me the truth, Fanny, my dear Fanny. Are you playing a trick to tease me? Remember, if I cannot produce those papers, I am a ruined man. It would be worse than the loss of money; that I might replace, the other I cannot. Tell me where they are."

"Indeed, Mark, I know no more about them than you do yourself. They must be here; perhaps they have slipped behind the drawer?"

Although next to impossible, the chance is not overlooked. Hammer and chisel are soon on hand, and the back of the escritoire is soon knocked out, leaving no nook or cranny where the smallest paper could remain unperceived.

Almost beside himself, Mark led his wife down stairs, and commenced to question her. Where is her key? On the ring; it has been out of her possession. Has she been out? No. Is she sure of that? Quite; besides, as she ventures to remind him, the locks have not been forced, nor is she missing, as would have been the case if thieves had entered the house. In unaccountable agitation, the bewildered man paces the room, while Fanny, unable to proffer advice, or assist him with any reasonable conjecture, watches him in troubling silence.

Suspensions are crowding upon his mind; hints given before his marriage about Fanny Roberts' brother, and regrets uttered, even within his hearing, that a respectable young man like him, should lower himself by such a connection. He pauses, and demands what errand had brought that brother of hers to his house. That brother of hers! What a speech! All Fanny's sisterly feelings were in arms, and yet she is forced to own that it was for the want of money.

"And you told him that I had those papers in the house." She did not mention Mark's affairs during their short interview. Or if she did, would he steal up stairs a rob his sister's home! Ridiculous! Impossible!

"Impossible!" says Mark, "Without he has a key."

"It has not been out of my pocket," says Fanny.

"Then where are the missing papers?" asks Mark.

Receiving for a reply a torrent of tears and protestations he flings himself on the sofa, and tries to steady his nerves. Mean while, Fanny goes and insinuates an unavailing search in every box, cupboard, and drawer. At last she returned to the parlor in despair. Getting frightened at Mark's gloomy looks, she is delighted when a tap at the door announces a visitor, and the visitor, proved to be her father.

To him the affair is circumstantially detailed, and Mark points out the inevitable loss of his situation and good name if he should be unable to produce the paper or give any clue which might lead to their discovery. To Fanny's dismay, he particularly dwells upon her brother's visit and her half-made endeavor to conceal it; concluding by an entreaty that she will, if retaining any affections for her husband, tell all she knows.

But now the father interposes. To tamely hear both his children accused of such a crime is more than irascible temper will endure, and he enters a counter accusation that Mark has, for some unworthy end, removed the parcel himself. Words now become so hot and bitter that Fanny's distress is increased, not lessened by this championship, and she weeps so bitterly and pleads so earnestly with both, that Mark, more touched than he would like to confess, abruptly leaves them to shut himself in his chamber. After some hours, the sound of his footsteps ceasing, the anxious wife creeps softly up stairs, and is relieved to find him lying on the bed in an uneasy slumber. Her father persuades her to rest too, but poor Fanny sinks her head on his shoulder, feeling more forlorn and miserable than it had ever been her lot to feel before. What will poor Mark do? What will become of her if he persists in believing her guilty?

Equally bewildered, and almost as unhappy as his daughter, Mr. Roberts tries to soothe her with promises, not only to seek George, and bring him to exculpate himself, but to forgive Mark's hasty speeches, and assist him in investigating this mysterious affair. So, at last, Fanny begins to feel more comforted, and wished her father to leave her; but he would not quit her in such trouble, and they continued to occupy the same position by the fire till night had long given place to morning, and Mr. Roberts' eyes closed involuntarily.

A footstep overhead startled them. "It is only Mark," said Fanny. "Poor fellow, I wish he had slept longer."

In the modern six-roomed house every sound was distinctly audible, and they heard him enter the chamber where stands the shattered escritoire. After a short pause he is heard slowly descending the stairs, and his wife raises herself from her reclining position, and smooths her disordered hair. As he entered the room Mr. Roberts whispers: "Look, child, look!" and Fanny sees with astonishment that her husband is fast asleep, and holds in one hand the bundle of old love letters.

Setting down his candle, Mark unlocks the front of his large and well-filled bookcase, and begins deliberately taking down, one by one, the handsomely bound volumes of the History of England, which grace the

highest shelf; then he draws out a number of the loose magazines, hidden there because of their untidy appearance, lays the old love letters quite at the back of all, carefully replaces the books, locks the glass doors, and is walking away, when Fanny, with a cry which awakens him, snatches the key from his hand. Rubbing his eyes and wondering, he sees her eager fingers dragging Humey and Smolett from their proud position to assume an inglorious one on the floor; the once treasured "Belle Assemblée" are scattered in all directions, the highly prized love letters receive similar usage; and from behind all the rest Fanny triumphantly takes out the small brown parcel, tied with a pink tape, and sealed with the office seal. Crying and laughing in one breath the happy little wife is the next moment in her husband's arms, kissing and being kissed *ad libitum*.

Little explanation was needed. The young man's brain, excited by extreme anxiety regarding his trust, had led to his cautiously rising in the night, and unconsciously transferring the packet to what he afterwards remembered as the first hiding-place which had presented itself to his mind on bringing it home the preceding evening.

How many times he asked forgiveness is not recorded; but Fanny is a true woman, quick to resent, but easily appeased; and Mark has taken George and George's affairs in hand so heartily that the young scapegrace is actually improving, and there is even some hope of Fanny's belief in total reformation being realized.

To-DAY and To-MORROW.—To-day we gather bright and beautiful flowers; to-morrow they are faded and dead. To-day a wreath of leaves shades us; to-morrow, serene and fallen, they crumple beneath our tread. To-day the earth is covered with a carpet of green; to-morrow it is broken with the withered grass. To-day the vigorous stalk only bends before the gale; to-morrow, leafless and sapless, a child may break the little stem. To-day is ripened fruit and waving grain; to-morrow the land is taking its Sabbath after toil. To-day we hear sweet songsters of meadow and forest, the buzz of myriads of insects; to-morrow, breathe softly, all noise is hushed and silent. To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish and surroundings, attracts the passer by; to-morrow a heap of ruins marks the site. To-day there are cattle on a thousand hills; to-morrow they may fall in the slaughter. To-day a man walks forth in all the pride and joy of life; to-morrow he is gone. So "the fashions of the world pass away." But let Christ dwell within us, and though we may pass away like the faded leaf and sapless stalk, we shall "arise to newness of life."

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers."

WHAT WE OWE TO DECORUM.—"I will do just as I please!" says many a headstrong young man, "for whose business is it if I choose to take the consequences?" Not so fast, good sir. If you knew more of human nature you would be aware that you cannot outrange even the smallest conventionalities of life, which are known under the common name of decorum, without injuring your reputation, estranging your friends and preventing strangers, who might be useful to you, from making you acquainted. But this is not all. You have no right to disregard decorum, for the consequences reach others than yourself. Your example is doing harm, and it should be doing good. Your conduct affects the standing of your family and associates, as well as yourself. Going through life is like treading a labyrinth of spring snares. If you follow the beaten track, you are yourself. But if you diverge to the right or left, your indiscretion is sure to injure yourself, and may harm others also. A wise man never outrages decorum, recklessly violates prejudices or thoughtlessly acts regardless of the opinion of the world.

THE USE OF WALNUT.—The use of Walnut in the interior of dwellings is daily growing in favor. Although very beautiful, when employed in moderation and with good taste an eminent cabinet maker truly says that it has a very gloomy look, particularly if oiled, as is usually done, with dark red oil, and placed in contrast with light colored flooring. The best finish is the natural color of the wood, toned to a nut brown by the material used in finishing it.

INDIAN BANNOCK.—Take one pint of Indian meal, and stir into a pint sour milk, (fresh buttermilk is better, half a teaspoonful of salt, a spoonful of melted butter. Beat 2 eggs and add, and then stir in a pint of wheat flour; then thin it with milk to the consistency of drop cakes, and when ready to bake, add two heaping teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in hot water. Pour in square buttered pans an inch thick, and bake fifteen minutes. This quantity makes two pans. Try it.

We are more afflicted by fancy than by fact. To be supremely happy or miserable we have only to imagine ourselves so. To make the world a purgatory we have only to think of its pains and privations; to find it a paradise we need but open our eyes to its beauties and joys. A bad imagination keeps the soul in torment; a good one surrounds with elysium. The gulf that separates hell from Heaven is often spanned by a dream, and the worm becomes an angel by merely using its wing.

The most perfect and powerful engines make the least noise. Men who say most generally do least, and those who make the most clatter seldom bring anything to pass.

Congratulatory Addresses.

ROOMS OF THE UNION REPUBLICAN
STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE,
PHILADELPHIA, October 16, 1868.

Republicans of Pennsylvania: Yesterday you achieved a triumph at the polls scarcely less important in its results than the victory of arms on the field of Gettysburg. The integrity of the Union and the perpetuity of the Republic were secured by the one, its permanent peace and future glory are insured by the other.

Your verdict thus pronounced will be recorded by the American people in November next in a most emphatic condemnation of the party false to the country in the hour of its peril, false to liberty and the rights of man. Every lover of peace and good order congratulates you on your achievements in stripping such an organization of all power to inflict future injury on the country. Henceforth it must sink under the same obloquy that rests upon the Tories of the Revolution and the Federalists of the war of 1812. Entrusted with power, it wielded it for the dismemberment of the Republic. Confided in by its devotees as the guardian of liberty, it exerted all its energies for the perpetuity of human bondage. Professing reverence for free speech and freedom of the press it silenced both with bowie knife and revolver wherever it had supreme control. Assuming to be the guardian of the rights of man, it became the champion of human bondage and stood sentinel with bayonet fixed to its sword, and at last, dissatisfied with the result of a fair election, it raised its hand against the life of the Republic, and Sampson-like, would have buried itself in the ruins of the grand temple of liberty ever reared by human hands.

It is befiting that a party soared by such a record should die at the hands of the people whose sense of justice it has outraged, and whose dearest rights it has trampled in the dust.

Republicans of the Keystone! Your brethren throughout the Union have watched the struggle through which you have just passed with intense interest, and its result gladdens every patriot heart. Let not your victory dampen your ardor or relax your energy, but march on with closed ranks and solid columns to complete your victory in November.

GALUSHA A. GROW,
Chairman Republican State Central Com.

REPUBLICAN SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE,
PHILADELPHIA, October 16, 1868.

COMRADES: You have turned the flank of your old enemy, and he is in full retreat; but you must not pause for an instant in your pursuit. Follow him up and press him upon all sides, until he is politically annihilated, and Forrest and Wade Hampton have surrendered in the last ditch. By the way-side you will find many heretofore victorious men, who will gladly join your victorious column. To all such you should extend the hand of welcome, and forget the past.

Be not blinded by the declaration that the opposition have given up the fight. Place no reliance in rumors of a change of candidates. These things are simply weak inventions of the enemy, intended to induce you to halt in your forward movement. Keep up your organizations of "Boys in Blue." Let them, in fact, be permanent institutions in this generation. Let them continue, glorious monuments of a noble fight, for which your children's children shall bless you.

Let your efforts be solely devoted to increasing the vote of last Tuesday, and by this means demonstrate how overwhelming would have been your triumph had the gang of rebel rascals who invaded the city of Philadelphia been required by their allies at their own homes. By order of the Committee.

C. H. T. COLLIS, Chairman.
A. L. RUSSELL, Secretary.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.—In the year which is now drawing to its end, the art, the skill and the labor of the people of the United States have been employed with greater diligence and vigor, and on broader fields than ever before, and the fruits of the earth have been gathered into the granary and the storehouse in marvellous abundance, our highways have been lengthened, and new and prolific regions have been occupied. We are permitted to hope that the long protracted political and sectional discussions are at no distant day to give place to returning harmony and fraternal affection throughout the Republic. Many foreign States have entered into liberal agreements with us, while nations which are far off, and which heretofore have been unsocial and exclusive, have become our friends. The annual period of rest which we have reached in health and tranquility, and which is crowned with many blessings, is by universal consent a convenient and suitable one for cultivating personal piety and practicing public devotion.

I therefore, recommend that Thursday, the 26th day of November next, be set apart and observed by all the people of the United States as a day of public praise, thanksgiving and prayer to the Almighty, Creator and Divine Ruler of the Universe, by whose ever watchful, merciful and gracious Providence alone, States and nations, no less than families and individuals, men do live and have their being.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the city of Washington, this 12th day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1868, and of the Independence of the United States the ninety-third.

ANDREW JOHNSON.
By the President:
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

ALL OF 'EM.—A story is told by Mr. Alfred Taylor of a youth whose case is like that of many others lured to the church and Sunday schools by the vision of picnics and sweetmeats. In answer to the question, "Where do you go to Sunday school, Jimmy?" the little boy replied:

"Why, marm, I go to the Baptists, and Methodists, and the Presbyterians, but I've been trying the Piscopals for two or three weeks."

"You don't seem to belong anywhere, then Jimmy?"

"Why, yes, marm, don't you see? I belong to 'em all, exceptin' the 'Piscopals, but I'm going to join 'em too now."

"Well, Jimmy, what's your idea in going to so many?"

"Why, you see, I gets a little of what's going on at 'em all, marm. I gets libraries and hymn-books, and all that, and when they have picnics, I goes to every one of 'em."

MODESTY.—Modesty adorns virtue, as baseness ornaments beauty; it harmonizes with just sense of character as moderation harmonizes with justice. It heightens dignity of character, as simplicity enhances greatness. It adds to merit the same charms which candor adds to the greatness of heart. What is modesty? Is it not a sense of excellence so deep and true that the observance of duty appears a natural thing? Is it not so sincere a desire for what is excellent, that what is wanting is almost more perceptible than what is already obtained? Is it not so pure a love for what is good, that it forgets the reward reserved for merit in the approbation of others?

Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but having struggled and crowned the long years with trial, see no such result as effort, seems to warrant—nay, perhaps disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis is of existence, to preserve one's self poise and self respect, not to lose hold or to relax effort, this is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman—whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in that book which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to the vision.

There is a story of an Irish newspaper editor who, being left without assistance in a busy time found himself unable to cope with all the intelligence, late, later and latest, that flowed in upon him; so that, to wards four in the morning, he wound up his night's work by penning a notice extraordinary in these words—"Owing to a most unusual pressure of matter, we are compelled to leave several of our columns blank!"

It is hinted that August Belmont, the Austrian Jewish banker of New York, and the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has agents South, who are paying ten cents on the dollar for Confederate bonds, in anticipation of the election of Seymour and Blair, when it is expected that the paper will go up to the value of the present Union debt. If Belmont can elect Seymour, he will ask his reward.

A sea agent, trading to the African coast, was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the habits and religion of the African races, he was asked, "Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday!" he replied. "Yes, and every other darned thing they can lay their hands on."

A LOVE LETTER.—Dear—Lend u bi the buoy a bucket of flowers—They is like mi lov for u. The nitoh-ahid menses kepe dark. The dog fend mense I am ure slavr. "Losis red and possis pav My lov for a shal never phals."

Dr. Franklin said that revivals in religion always made him think of a severity of grain; those who had enough said nothing about it, while those who were destitute made all the clamor.

A boy at school in the West, when called to recite his lesson in history, was asked, what is the German Diet? He replied, "sourkraut, schnapps and sausages."

It is said that the Englishmen in Canada patriotically avoid placing green spectacles on their noses, lest it be construed into hoisting, the green above the red.

A wit says: "In Germany, when a paper says anything witty, they kill the editor, and not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years."

An exchange calls Frank Blair the Democratic Jonah. We suppose he swallowed the Democratic seal which the October elections ejected.

Editors in France seem to make money sometimes. Emil de Girardin, for instance, lives in a house which cost him \$100,000 to build.

Goldsmith must have been thinking of the "Grecian bend" when he wrote:—"When lovely woman stoops to folly."

The man who was "hemmed in" by a crowd has had a stitch in his side ever since.

Several letters by Martin Luther have lately been discovered at Marburg.

Squibb thinks the dearest eyes he knows of just now are those of potatoes.

Twenty-four grains make one penny-weight. One dram makes ten pennies go.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, AND HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

THE GREAT REMEDIES FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, STOMACH OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hooiland's German Bitters is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medically termed, extracts) of Roots, Herbs and Bark, making a preparation highly concentrated, and entirely free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the great quantity of *Sassafras, Cassia, Orange, Ac.* making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcohol in admixture, will use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste; the Tonic being the most palatable.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, &c., very apt to have its functions deranged. The liver, sympathizing as closely as it does with the stomach, then becomes congested, the result of which is that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Digestion, Sour Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pituitive Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Harried or Disquieted Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Position, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c. Sudden Drenches of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Agings of Evil, and great depression of Spirits.

The sufferer from these diseases should exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy for his case, purchasing only that which he is assured for his liver, Oligations and inquiries possess true merit. It is skillfully compounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and has established for itself a reputation for the cure of these diseases. In this connection we would submit the following testimonial:

Hooiland's German Bitters and Hooiland's German Tonic prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Twenty-two years since they were first introduced into this country from Germany, during which time they have undoubtedly performed many cures, and benefited suffering humanity to a greater extent than any other remedies known to the public.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dropsy, Pleurisy, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chills, &c. to Malaria, Disease of the Kidneys, &c. and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY. Resulting from any cause whatever; prostration of the system, induced by severe labor, hardships, exposure, fevers, &c.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in curing a tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion brightens, and healthily, the yellow bile is eradicated from the system, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE. And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an easier and more pleasant way to live, their veins restore a measure of the energy and vigor which they have lost, build up their shattered frames, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN. Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. These will be observed, are much of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. George W. Hooiland, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes, Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

"I find Hooiland's German Bitters is a good tonic, useful in all cases of debility, and of great benefit in cases of dyspepsia, and want of nervous action in the system. Yours truly, G. W. HOOILAND."

Hon. James Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes, Philadelphia, April 25, 1866.

"I consider Hooiland's German Bitters a valuable medicine in all cases of debility, and of great benefit in cases of dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON."

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D., Pastor of the Fourth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicine, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined, but with clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hooiland's German Bitters, I depart from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general utility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaints, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In a recent case of dyspepsia, I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect, J. H. KENNARD, 5th and Coates Sts.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hooiland's German Bitters, and feel it my duty to recommend them as a safe and valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

CAUTION. Hooiland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit. Price 25¢ per bottle, and 50¢ per dozen. Hooiland's German Bitters, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES M. EVANS, Proprietor. Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

Hooiland's German Bitters, per bottle, 25¢
Hooiland's German Tonic, half dozen, 50¢
Hooiland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, \$1.50 per bottle, or half dozen for \$7.50.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

For sale by A. I. SHAW Agent Clearfield Pa. April 22, 1866-17

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

EDWARD MACK,
Market Street, directly opposite the residence of H. B. Snodgrass Esq., CLEARFIELD, PA.

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, that he has opened a BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, in the building lately occupied by J. L. Custer, as a law office, and that he is determined not to be outdone in the selling of any work of art. He is confident either in quality or price. He is confident in the quality of his work, and in the quality of the material, and in the price of his work. He is confident in the quality of his work, and in the quality of the material, and in the price of his work. He is confident in the quality of his work, and in the quality of the material, and in the price of his work.

CHAIRS CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!! JOHN TROUTMAN

Having resumed the manufacture of chairs at his shop located on the lot in the rear of his residence on Market Street, and a short distance west of the Foundry, he is prepared to accommodate his old friends and all others who may favor him with a call, with every description of Windsor chairs. He has a good stock of material, and he directs the attention of purchasers. The work is made of the very best material, well painted and sold at prices to suit the times. Examine them before purchasing elsewhere. Clearfield, Pa., March 28, 1866.

HOME INDUSTRY.

BOOTS AND SHOES. Made to Order at the Lowest Rates.

The undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, to give him a call at his shop on Market St., nearly opposite Hartwick & Irwin's drug store, where he is prepared to make repairs on all kinds of shoes, and to make up a new pair of shoes, in his line.

Orders entrusted to him will be executed with promptness, strength and neatness, and all work warranted as represented.

I have now on hand a stock of extra fine calf skin, superior quality, and I will finish up at the lowest figures. June 13th, 1866. DANIEL CONNELLY.

NEW STORE AND SAW MILL, AT BALD HILLS, Clearfield county.

The undersigned, having opened a large and well selected stock of goods at Bald Hills, Clearfield county, respectively a retail share of public patronage.

Their stock embraces Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. and a general assortment of notions, &c.

They always keep on hand the best quality of Flour, and a variety of Feeds.

All goods sold cheap for cash, or exchanged for approved country produce.

Having also erected a Steam Saw Mill, they are prepared to saw all kinds of lumber to order. Orders and inquiries to be sent to the undersigned, No. 20, 1867. F. B. & A. IRWIN.

LIFE INSURANCE AT HOME. The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., 921 Chestnut Street, PHILA.

Insures Lives on favorable terms, and will issue Policies on any of the approved plans of insurance. Assets liable to losses \$1,221,289 71.

Surplus divided Annually. Losses paid promptly. Premiums may be paid in cash; annually, semi-annually, quarterly, or one-half in note, and one-half in note. By a supplement to the charter, note hereafter received will participate in all Dividend Surpluses, to be distributed to January, 1870, inclusive, are now receivable in payment of premiums.

Agency, at Clearfield, of H. B. Snodgrass, Clearfield, Pa. Dr. J. G. Hartwick, Medical Examiner. August 24, 1864.

H. BRIDGE, MERCHANT TAILOR, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

[One door East of the Clearfield House.]

Keeps on hand a full assortment of Gent's Furnishing goods, such as Shirts, (linen and woolen, Under-shirts Drawers and Socks, Neck-ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Umbrellas, Hats, &c., in great variety. Of piece goods he keeps the Best Cloths, (of all shades) Black Doe-Skin Cassimeres of the best make, Fancy Cassimeres, in great variety.

Also, French Coatings; Beaver, Pilot, Chinchilla, and Tricot Over-coating, all of which will be sold cheap for cash, or on credit, and to the latest styles, by experienced workmen. Also agent for Clearfield county, for J. M. Singer & Co.'s